

A 7-PAGE
CHRISTMAS ALBUM
BY CANADA'S FIRST
OLD MASTER

COVER PAINTING
DETAIL FROM "MERRYMAKING, 1860"
BY CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF

MACLEAN'S

DECEMBER 24 1955 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



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⁶⁶Christmas
used to
drive me
crazy!⁹⁹

"Every year it was the same. Presents to buy and cash at low bids. Running up bills... then I got smart. I started a special Christmas account* at the Royal Bank, adding something every pay day... and leaving it there. This year I'm ready for Christmas, with cash to pay for all the things that mean so much at this season of the year!"

*You can have cash next Christmas, too.

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MAGLIFE & MAGAZINE, MONTREAL, DECEMBER 1962

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A GRIM HORIZON: Of rock and wilderness appears only in 1960, the Shield is the world's oldest land and its second largest source of minerals.

THE FAIRY TALE ROMANCE OF the Canadian Shield

BY BLAIR FRASER

This Christmas thousands of children will read about the Ugly Duckling. But here's a stranger tale — about an enormous rocky desert, scorned for centuries, and how its hidden treasures changed Canada

THE HARDENING of tiny tale themes have always had to do with the fading of romance in the contemporary, the ancient and the repeated. In these times, barren ugly ducklings, born after wars, and isolated communities or dirty old towns, are found to contain the key to wealth and power. Canada's ugly duckling in the Canadian Shield, a great rugged border-land of mooring and striding forest, lava and bald grey rock that makes up more than half the whole continent. For more than three hundred years, nearly hundred if you go back to Lord Kenelm's time, the Shield was known only as a rocky waste, a barrier to progress and a blight to Canada's future. Kenelm called it the "land of the dead stones." Jacques Cartier reported to King Francis I of France that "there isn't a bit of soil in all this whole of it," and to break the heart of the grumpy settlers who lived in the east and time it as a barren wasteland, he said the St. Lawrence Indians. Along its western edge, dense several growth forest has already returned, but all but a few patches remain of former. Given only eighty years old.

Because the Shield, some (opening doors as close behind the scenes along it) Continued on page 62

ERNEST THOMAS HEWITT
COLLECTION/STROM

THE
UNKNOWN
COUNTRY
II

THE ISLAND

*"A extension of two thousand square miles,
it has contrived out of the world's tumult
and refused to play
the noisy charades of these times.
No blade of grass is out of place,
no human being
is out of place either."*

EFROM the bow of the ferry I could make out a thin blue line in the misty land and there, above it, a vague band of ferny vegetation and finally a thin line of green. Floating under a cold, misty sky.

The man standing beside me on the dock was a giant figure in a checked shirt. The weather face and tired old eyes were aimed directly on the water before all other things. When I asked him if that could be land on the far shore, he replied in the vagrant tones of his people: "No, that is The Island!" The name of Prince Edward is already too superfluous. What other island in all the world could attract a world explorer?

Yes," the man's lips repeated, "that's The Island, safe and sound."

He spoke like a man making his first glimpse of the Promised Land (though he had spent his life there, and had been about here since a youngster). He sounded like a prophet announcing a miracle.

No more he was set against the sea, but its presence seemed other, blinding to the dark. Among my companions, one of them explained that the line that was the island above the ferny caps had marked the wall behind it and the green water reflected the forest.

(Continued on page 32)

PHOTOGRAPH BY BETTY JENSEN

*"One month ago now has been of
the greatest day of man and world
as no other pressure has yet begun to loosen it."*





WHEN BALLOONING WAS THE CRAZE

A MACLEAN'S H ASHBACK: BY JAMES BANNERMAN



ONE SEPTEMBER morning in 1868 in the wilderness a hundred and eighty men in search of Indians a band of four came looking them out of the mist above the tundra. Followed by several others not a day by a flock of birds.

Then the great round shape of a balloon appeared making gently swirled into a light but not a fast mist of swirling gas. The men were in the Indian land above the valley continued to light the lead and then check the speed of their descent as they wouldn't let the ground too hard. It wasn't later they landed having made history. John Haskins and John McMillan of Western town in upstate New York, had become the first men to land across any part of Canada by air.

They had brought Canada via their descent experience of a trial of a properly designed form of dirigible that had already gripped most that Western aviation for more than twenty-five years. This had begun when the first man carrying balloons of all time a pale decorated yellow globe like a cigarette. Charles Green, an American, was launched by the brothers Joseph and Etienne Montgolfier in France in 1783. The man was in fact, as far as aviation was concerned, with the airplane put on an end to it. But children still view amazement at the marvel of a boy balloon rising in the strong hold in a little bit. They still feel the wonder and fascination as someone left when the Montgolfiers gave the first launch in such long struggle to bring man into the upper world of flight.

As a twenty-second century ballooning was as strong as the conquest of Mount Everest. As an achievement of the defeat of gravity by the balloon was, in the day immediately to the conquest of the stars. And besides its tremendous popularity in the last beginning of the Air Age before

ing was significant in several ways. It was exciting to watch. The nation's excitement drew great numbers of spectators on long rides like London or Paris, as well as a hundred thousand. It was a new form because the men who were not only able enough to go up in balloons but to rub against the ground by the disappointed and border around at the very reason the balloons couldn't go up at the advertised time. It was a new



in various. One reason in balloons could not have been of a man's dominance than the other, competing with him for some while in the air. And in some could provide a different view of the world, and it was a new sport. Ballooning in early times had many more than winning prizes. There was the delight of floating up into the clouds of the sky for a view of a new world like a picture of a quiet moment. Continued on page 12



THE SLEIGH RACE

On a cold winter afternoon there was no sport that the habitants liked better than to go with the horses and race.

THE REBIRTH of A FASCINATING PAINTER

Neglected for decades, the hundred-year-old paintings of Cornelius Krugloff have become a major and highly prized part of Canada's national heritage.

In the last fifteen years, collectors have shot the price tags on his work as high as \$30,000.

THE gay Christmas scenes on these pages are the work of a fascinating, unmythical Montreal artist, born in 1858, who, eighty-three years after his death, has become one of Canada's most popular painters.

Long unappreciated outside Quebec, the work of Cornelius Krugloff has become, in the last fifteen years, a national treasure. For his latest painting is dated of which is reproduced on the cover of this issue he was paid about \$150 in 1890, today it has an estimated value of \$20,000 a judgment of his work that Krugloff would have applauded.

Krugloff came to Canada exactly. Soon after he landed in New York City in 1843 he met—and married—a charming Canadian girl named Susan Gauthier. For several years he worked, dabbled and collected occasional specimens in the United States. In 1847 he deserted from the American army and then taking one of the time-honored rituals of the desert, went to live with his wife's parents at Longport, near Montreal.

Once settled with his in-laws, Krugloff decided to be a



SELF-PORTRAIT

painter. For a long time he had little success, being refused for most of one year to sign paintings. Krugloff, who painted landscapes, the Canadian scene before him Montreal and the safety of habitat actually he saw every day didn't attract the bourgeois of Montreal. They weren't portraits in the approved European manner, self-portraits on which they usually depended.

In 1852 Krugloff met a Quebec City businessman, John Baskin and under Baskin's urging and perhaps moved to Montreal. During the thirteen years he lived in Quebec his public trade produced tremendous volumes of work—over seven hundred paintings are known today. One day also gave Krugloff the kind of relief which that painter says about his work paid for his work. In 1861 he met, one with his daughter in Chicago.

away from Lower Canada he enjoyed painting his landscape apparently good. Only once more, after a visit to Quebec City in 1871, the year before his death—did he take a break, to paint three of his largest and most successful

SIX PAGES OF KRUGLOFF PAINT



Pans launched it,
Edwardians made it fun,
Americans made it pay,
Canadians ignored it and
World War I killed it.
But it was a wonderful
adventure while it lasted.





PLAYTIME VILLAGE SCHOOL

Krieghoff's favorite subject was the everyday village life of the habitants: a frolics rising in a birch, children playing in a new chopping firewood, and the inevitable noisy, yapping dog.

CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF continued

How our ancestors lived...



RUNNING THE TOLL

Chasing angry tollkeeper of his for was considered nothing sport to the 1850s.

KRIEGHOFF had an eye for detail which most of early French Canada. He also had a sense of humor. While it was common for merchants and British officers and the aristocracy that kept him eating, it is the common people who crowd his pictures. He was not a great artist but an extremely fine craftsman. Had he painted only landscapes as many artists do (and still do)—there would be little interest in him today. What Canada now misses in Krieghoff is the vivacious life of behavior Quebec that he painted with such loving warmth and charm.



BREAKING LENT

Kind great 1780 to ignore habitants finally he found eating.

How they worked..



BAKER'S MISHAP

Before in Krieghoff's day were killed by hunters like my sons. Grow up right, which is in many paintings is typical Quebec wayside shrine of 1800.

HABITANT FARM

Krieghoff filled paintings with minute detail. Cottages of returning hunters, construction of stagh and birds nest provide valuable historical record.



ROYAL MAIL CROSSING THE ICE

Passengers who got out of the boat and helped across it weren't for free didn't have to pay.

PIONEER life in French Canada had few of the material comforts that Canadians in our north, century have come to take for granted.

There was no bridge over the St. Lawrence River at Quebec and on a cold winter day the only way to get from one shore to the other was to take the mail boat. Back from the river, where the halibut was

slowly carving his form from the deep, rich woods of the St. Lawrence valley, game was as close as the forest, and as sure as a man's arm.

Only gradually did civilization advance into the wilderness, until even forest was delivered to the door. It is these scenes of real people living real lives that give Krieghoff's paintings their historical value.





CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF *continued*

And how they played

THE Canadian has long had a reputation for being a gay and vivacious person. To Krieghoff, who was no partisan himself, the laughter and the vivacity of his adopted land was an impression. In painting after painting he captured the lively spirit and the sense of fun that were part of the society he knew.

Men and women might work hard, but they also played hard. It might take quite a while to walk up Cadillac Hill, but the toboggan ride back down was worth it. And at Montserrat Falls—about nine miles from Quebec City—there was fun for all. The snowdrifts, hidden under these buffalo robes, rode cautiously around in circles while their riders passed anglers' rods by at the toboggan bottom.

The most adventures (including Krieghoff) trooped off to the hills' ice runs in toboggans. But when men out in the valleys, over a hundred feet high, in enable people to climb to the top. From there it was a thrilling run of about half a mile after the steep down the steep sides of the runs, a ride that took the toboggan rider to open water on the St. Lawrence River. For the more timid, and for the ladies, the smaller runs on the right offered less hazardous sport.

TOROGGAMING

Krieghoff painted several society parties like this one of a well-to-do family tobogganing on hills near Quebec City.



THE ICE COKE AT MONTSEMPREY FALLS

Rich and poor mingled on benders at popular spots near Quebec. Handled-out ice coke was part of a half-mile toboggan run that ended at open water on St. Lawrence River.



Candy

Unlimited

BY IAN SCLANDERS

PHOTO BY LARRY SCHWARTZ

In St. Stephen, N.H., the mayor's dad
eats three pounds of candy every day (he owns the factory).

It's the town's biggest industry,
and busiest when filling Canada's appetite for Christmas goodies.

WHEN THE first snow of the winter finally
gently down on the old New Hampshire
town of St. Stephen a silver-haired woman named
Ellie MacDonald was doing what she had done
for half a century. Wearing a white apron and
sitting at a white table in a red brick factory, she
was dipping thousands of the rods of her own candy
and a day enough to fill two hundred and
seventy-seven one-pound boxes.

With the staff of 70 people she glided with creamy
candies, less a tray at her left, and dipped them
through the wire mesh canisters. They looked so
pet of plinking like a miniature forest of chocolate in her
right. She straight each canister as it was taking,
swayed it around until it was thickly coated, and
put it on a tray in front of her. As the candy
brushed the wire mesh it dropped on it with chocolate
that dripped from her fingers.

Her motion was so automatic that she could be
her own story from her table without slowing
speed. She saw the candy snow falling in the
background and smiled like a delighted child.

The other four hundred and fifty employees of
Graham Bros., an eighty-three-year-old chocolate
and confectionery firm also own the town. Like
Ellie MacDonald, most of them smile.

For the first time in a century that Christmas is
coming, and, on a candy factory, the approach of
Christmas adds a dash of gaiety and excitement. It is
celebrating centuries of sugar specialties: vanilla,
peppermint, lemon, maple, mint, fruit, cream and
butter. Molding machines and dipping machines
and loading machines that pour out endless streams
of lollipops and nutmegs and jelly beans can be
seen from the factory. But, with Christmas on the way,
candy makers get a sense of urgency.

They know that at least a hundred of candy will
go into every stocking hung up on Christmas Eve
by Graham's children. But, there will be candy
come out bags of candy on millions of Christmas
trees, that millions of boxes of chocolates will be
enclosed as gifts that there will be candy in
millions of Christmas dinners, and that candy is so
much a part of Christmas that Christmas dinners

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Don't pay any attention to those people—they're just waiting for you to turn back a page



#102 (medium long) #103 (long length) Strong low elastic sides, non-stretching outer elastic back. Waist 14-16. The top—#107—\$10.95.



What's missing here? Pokey old bones. Gone at last! WARNER'S EXCLUSIVE NEW "STA-FLAT"

Like all good ideas, this one's slightly overdone... yet so simple. A matter of replacing the long, flat bones that dug into your midriff with the new STA-FLAT dress—light, colorful, complete, peeked to the gentle's dress, gown. These selected exclusive fabrics as you see; they actually give more support than lining—that with an unbelievable lightness, with extra strength where you need it most (waist, neck, bust).

We've eliminated the old bone of contention

with this brightly-colored stacks of genius. It gives out just support, support (like a jacket, gently, heart) but from a gentle zone with lovely comfort—especially in the most movements of your body. (The dress's a natural shape.)

Good, because, it—STA-FLAT moves through the day with ease, with softness, grace. Keeps its shape for seasons too—because this Spring is here to stay. You'll like the comfort, the ease, the softness, the engaging (and easy!) ring around here.

So Warner's knows the Sta-Flat? Double your—your for around here. So Warner's has brought you one out of the dress, gown, from April into the light for a whole of us. Try the Sta-Flat! At the most stores throughout Canada.

WARNER'S
Ladies' Wear • Men's Wear • Kids' Wear
Reas • Girdles • Corsets

average time. Adjusted from Hamilton Bros's record, it probably translates in long sprints (regards among the wilderness of a great Southern state. Robert Ryan, Dan Wynne, Carnegie Whiffell, Jeffrey Blackmer and Warren Rombase are in the stable test.

[illegible]

Amateur event has been and looked at the window in the direction of the road. Obviously he would have shot the same old of his mind but he looked to the north climbing ladder. It was not out of the landing light well. He wouldn't have much more time. Could it would make for an answer. The streamer caught him and he sat down at the table lifting his champagne window. It was too hot to thought that in Canada we should have to make to the American. Finally, how could

The Great who had dreamed, America. The great others: it was 1939.



Dodge is the longest and strongest car in the low priced field. Big in price, too! Six, 180 hp. V-8 available on all series, ... improved Six, too ... with high torque for maximum economy, wider ball clearance.



MIXING TIPS

for highball fans

Right mixing methods *do* make an important difference in the taste of a highball. So follow these tips from the experts:

- 1 First place ice in a standard highball glass. This prevents annoying "splash" from dropping ice in later, and helps make your highball cool throughout.
- 2 Add your favourite liquor, measured with a jigger. Guess-work alters proportions, may spoil a good highball.
- 3 Add the mix last. The mix should be cold so as to preserve the ice and reduce watering of the drink. Don't stir—as this will remove carbonation and flatten the taste of the drink.
- 4 For the best highballs, use the finest soda—Canada Dry Sparkling Water. This famous mix points up the flavour of your favourite liquor... sparkles the whole drink through!

Make that next highball the best in your history—with Canada Dry Sparkling Water. Keep it on hand for guests. Stock up now!



CD-145



TROUBLE with this age of wonders is children take all the old marvels for granted too. A thoughtful Toronto father, wanting to give his five-year-old that little extra thrill of anticipation this Christmas, arranged with a friend to call the boy and pretend to be Santa Claus in person. Father and son were both watching television early next evening when the phone rang. When the boy was called to the telephone father quickly turned down

About this time a year ago driving was pretty treacherous in the Vernon area of B. C., and the RCMP were determined not to let any foolish motorists spoil their own holiday happiness. "The roads are icy and in a dangerous condition," announced a Mountie sternly on the Vernon radio. "If you are inclined to start celebrating Christmas a bit early, remember it is better to sit tight than drive that way."



the sound so he could overhear the conversation. The boy politely recited his Christmas want-list, said thank you very much and returned to the room. "Who was it, son?" father asked heartily. "Santa Claus," the boy laconically, and slipped back on the floor to watch TV.

All parents whose children are within reach of television and radio are of course resigned to the unexpected. So the Ottawa couple weren't the least surprised when their seven-year-old daughter insisted the one thing she must have for Christmas was a microscope, but they were somewhat troubled when they discovered even a half-decent Junior G-Man model was going to cost several dollars. Finally they bought one by going easy on other things the child needed more, and presented it to her with a great flourish on Christmas morning. The little girl's oohs and ahs were enthusiastic, but after the first few minutes she paid little attention to the gadget at all. And a few days later while trailing her mother through the five-and-dime she suddenly piped: "Look mother there's the kind of microscope I really wanted..." and held up a twenty-nine-cent magnifying glass.

Savagery in sport is lessening every year and at least we don't just throw Christians to the lions any more, as witness a headline read us from the Edmonton Journal just before the football season ended: "Christian sold to B. C. Lions."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

Homebound from the supermarket with two bulging bags of groceries, the Victoria housewife darted too fast across the street and the topmost parcel went slithering onto the pavement. She parked her parcels by a lamppost at the curb, but before she could make the recovery a huge truck round by, squashing the parcel flat. At the same tragic second she realized what it was—her two-dollar steak. Almost in tears, she retrieved it and carried the shattered remains home with the rest of the groceries. Following a brief autopsy on the kitchen counter she determined to patch it up, broil it and hope for the best. Well, sir, her hubby said it was the tenderest steak he ever tasted and wanted to know where she found the new butcher. Now she's wondering whether to try the same stunt next steak day.

Out of the last desperate hours of the Christmas shopping rush in London, Ont., comes this report of an all-but-exhausted salesgirl filling out an order for an all-but-exhausted



housewife. As the customer wearily intoned her name and address the clerk paused to brush the hair out of her eyes and murmured, "Madhouse, isn't it?"

"No, private home," said the customer, and, pocketing her sales slip, numbly went on her way.

Happy is the bride the sun shines on and rare is the headline writer who gets a chance to hoot out of the usual cheery formula for writing beads on wedding stories. The headline: "Pretty Moody Wedding." The writer, an inspired deskman on the Vancouver Province. The wedding: quite a happy event, actually, and a pretty one, occurring at Port Moody, B.C.